CHEW Antidace 1-Price to Cit. At all the Den't be misled. It a dealer offers you some other "just as good," insist on griting the old reliable liv. full's Cough Fyrup. He imitations are as good. is sold by all dealers for 25c OI. Bull's Gough fails to perform a cure! Scan rely on it! It never Le still at the front! You

DIBULLS

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON ON "EASTER IN GREENWOOD."

Where the Wound of Death Is Bandaged by Foliage-Christ's Resurrection Is Our Resurrection if We Are Bis-The "Good Morning" of Our Saviour.

BROOKLYN, March 26.-The Easter servloss in the Tabernacle today were attended by immense audiences. Beautiful floral decorations almost hid the pulpit from elecorations almost hid the pulpit from view, and the great organ gave forth its most rapturous strains in honor of the day. In the forencon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered an eloquent sermon on "Easter In Greenwood," the text being taken from Genesis xxiii, 17, 18, "And the field of Hebron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was rein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here is the first cometery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arbo-Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terrors, proposes here as far as possible to cover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who at 90 years of age had born to her the son Isaac and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired-Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber.

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. The cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and mem-orable Machphelah! That "God's acre" dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied

FAMOUS TOMBS. The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obei'sk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumat-ed. The Appian way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cypress the si-lent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la on whose heights rest Balsac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incinera-

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred inclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away by its Cypress Hills, and its Evergreens, and its Calvary, and Holy Cross, and Friends' cem-

All the world knows of our Greenwood. with now about 370,000 inhabitants sleep-ing among the hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies tions in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD. Among the preachers of the gospel, Be-thune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop Janes and Tyng, and Abeel, the mission-ary, and Beecher and Buddington, and Mc Clintock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac T. Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the litterati, the Carys, Alice and Phobe: James K. Paulding and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers "Old Stars;" Professor Proctor and the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one

Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machines, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the for-mer doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among phy-sicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchin-son and Marion Sims and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one versa, "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Re-bekah, his wife, and there I buried Leah."

of them my teacher, the other my class-

THE RESURRECTION DAY.

At this Easter service I ask and answer

Falling Off a Log.

"As easy as falling off a log," is an old saying. Whou is was first uttered, nobody knows. Nothing is easier, unless it is the taking of a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellet. These act like magic. No griping or drenching follows, as is the case with the old-fashioned pilla. The relief that follows resemble the action of Nature in her happiest moods; the impulse given to the dormant liver is of the most salutary kind, and is speedily manifested by the disappearance of all billions symptoms. Sick headache, wind on the stomach, pain through the right side and sholder-blade, and pellowness of the kin and syebalis are speedly remedied by the Pellets.

If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy the disappearant is the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court martialed for cruelty. If the drummer boy were compelled in the army to be the first for the drummer boy were compelled in the army to be the drum for 24 hours for Consumption, Dr. Kings New Discovery for C

what mist seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question. What will resurrection day do for the cemesteries? First, I remark, Ib will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The late fronts of spring and the early frosts of antumn are so near each other that there are only a few months of flowers in the field. All the flowers we see today had to be petted and coarsed and put under ahelter or they would not have bloomed at all. They are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all abitush with floral opulence.

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you supposed indigenous to the far nexth and others indigenous to the far nexth and others indigenous to the far nexth and when the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemens, tulip seed water Hiy, go-maium and ranunculus, mignosette and seed of the conservatories and anythered kinds of Holy Land flowers, while among trees are the coaks of frozen climes, and the tamariak of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and eider, sine and sycamore. If such flores and and botanteal beauties are the wild

sen climes, and the tamariak of the tropics, wainut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and eider, pine and sycamore. If such floral and bosanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's speer, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's brightest morning the world eversaw. You not into a factory cotton, and it comes out into a factory cotton, and it comes out

"Well, then," you say, "how can you apparel. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out halleluisbs. For us on the final day the most attractive places will two words—"Our Mary' or "Our Charley!" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us will come. If it should be winter, those once and in our memories are to us now who come up will be more lustrous than more beautiful than any calla lily and the the snow that covered them. If in the auforms that are to us more graceful than tumn, those who come up will be more any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. of anything more beautiful than the reap-pearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment burricane, or if the plowshare that day reall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You touch the lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty Cod without half taring, return the voice God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tongue, and the threat that fashioned the voice! And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the ters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wooderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the

Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at 19 years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a redhot fron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but

those scars prove it is the same body. We never lose our identity. If God can Place and Moliere and a mighty group of and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If he can do it 10 times, I think he can do it 11 times. Then look at the 17 year locusts. For 17 years gone, at the end of 17 years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the ving make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tremble as the nsectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every 17 years, a won-

THE GOSPEL ALGEBRA. Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surey out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra—ordinary dust minus a mod-el equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will

tell ms how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beau-tiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the morning of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition.
They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired!" The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation

of fatigue. I do not believe there are 50 persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your merves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest in is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its bilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had 10 minutes' rest from the first respiration and the utes' rest from the first respiration and the

first beat. THE HEART'S DRUMBEAT. If a drummer boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without

day aces, but the cometeries.

We are not told in what season that day Oh, the perfect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defective spot in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, ... a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to de will be to rest with-out interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pasture ground for cattle and rooting places for swine will for the first time have attract-

iveness given them.

It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees, and twisted no garlands, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry, but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among netles and mullein stalks and thistles and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ied. What triumphal procession nev er did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obeliak neverdid for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.
IF WE ARE HIS.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's res but 580 witnesses, 60 of them Christ's ene mies, say he did rise, for they saw him aft-er he had risen. If he did not rise, how did 60 armed soldiers let him get away? Surely 50 living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did

get away.

After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw him. On a mountain the 11 saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 580 who did see him. Yes, yes, he got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not

going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepalcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on out of ourselves, but there is a dorrand on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise, arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what glad some rushing across the family lot with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The akyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the near

est gate!"
And as we ascend on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a nountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck.

FAREWELL TO BARTH. Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side as we rise heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to part! That is what resur-rection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal

rhythm most apposite: When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people home. Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, ometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

Lizzie Miller... Mary C Powell... Sadle Gunther. Daufel Jacobs

Among thy saints let me be found. Among thy saints let me be found.
Whene'er th' archange's trump shall sound.
To see thy smiling face.
Then, loudest of the throng, I'll sing
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Deserving Praise

We are desiring to say to our citizens that for years we have been seiling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. Kings New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and hex payer headiled romadies that

The late Sir Robert Burnett of Leys had The late Sir Robert Burnett of Leys had lived in seclusion since his health broke down, about three years ago, just when he was about to be married to the eldest daughter of Lord Sempill. Sir Robert, who passed many years of his life in America, succeeded to the family estate, which extends to about 13,000 acres. In 1876, on the death of his father, Sir James Burnett Lord Heattenant of Kinacalian his on the death of his rather, Sir James Bur-nett, lord lieutenant of Kincardineshire, he took a very prominent part in county business, was a liberal landlord and pre-sented a public park to the town of Ban-chory, which adjoins his extate.

Sir Robert came into notice about 10

Sir Robert came into notice about 10 years ago by his litigation with the Des-side railway respecting the special "mes-senger" trains which run daily when the queen is residing at Balmoral, and he suc-ceeded in obtaining an order from the court of assession that all such trains were to stop when required at Crathes station, which is near his place. It had always been the transfer our true these specials between Ab. practice to run these specials between Ab-erdeen and Ballater without stopping, and Sir Robert Burnett's triumph was regarded in Desside as a direct snub to the court. -London Truth

A Presuming Creature. Gus de Smith—At the ball the other night you only danced once with Miss

Eameralda Longcoffin. Johnnie Masher-I can't afford to en courage that girl. What do you think I smell whenever she is around?

"Onions?" "Worse than that. I smell orange blossoms. She means business; hence l must discourage her. She is not able to support a husband. How presuming the girls are getting to be nowadayal"-Texas Siftings.

Poetle License. Poetic license entitles authors to de almost anything with the language in order to support the rhyme and meter. but there are cases when they seem to 'raise the limit," so to speak. On a tombstone in the northern part of the state can be seen the following: Beneath these cold and silent stones Lie the remains of Samuel Jones. His name was really Smith, not Jones, But his name was changed to rhyms with

-Indianapolis Sentinel.

Is a Railroad the Railroad? A peculiar lawsuit is pending up in Aroostook county. A nurseryman of Houl-ton sold a lot of apple trees about five years ago to a man in Patten, agreeing to take his pay when the railroad was built to Patten. The road then spoken of was the Northern Maine, which was not built. Now that the Bangor and Aroostook is completed, the nurseryman wants pay for his trees, but the farmer contends that he is not to pay until the Northern Maine is built.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

A Million Friends. A friend in need is a friend indeed, King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.-If you have

Considers it "a household necessity," Mr. A. J. Whiting, Newton, Ransas, accentuates his opinion thus: "I have used Dr. Buli's Cough Syrup m sp family for the last eight years and consider it a household not easily.

If you keep sneering and have sensa-tions of chilliness, it is a fair sign of coming cold. Sometimes it can be bro-ken quite effectually by a hot lemonade. Get the lemon and sugar ready and set the water boiling. Then baths the feet in hot water or take a bot bath all over. Retire immediately and have brought to you the glass of lemon and sugar over which the boiling water has been poured. Drink it down as hot as possi-ble. You won't have a symptom of cold in the morning.-Washington Star.

How She Became a Missionary.

"I'm doing missionary work a good deal of the time," was the reply of one of the most charming wome of New York, to a friend, who asked how she busied herself. "I see by your looks you wonder what I mean by that. I'll tell you. A few years ago life was a burden to me. I had been a victim to female weakness of the most aggravated character for a long time, and the doctors failed to help me. Existence was a long, steady, terrible torture—a lingering, living death. One day I saw Dr. Plerce's Favorite Prescription advertised in the newspaper. Something in the advertisement impressed me favorably. I caught at the glimmer of hope it held out as the drowning man is said to catch at a straw. Still, I did not dare to hope. But I got the medicine, and behold the result! I feel so well, so strong and O, so thankful, that I go about telling other women what saved me. In no other way can I so well show my gratitude to God and to the man who has proved such a benefactor of women, and my love for my suffering sisterhood."

There is time during the remaining years of the century to make many discoveries in the uses to which electricity may be put. Electricity has suddenly become the put. Electricity has suddenly become the favorite means of traction for all short distances. Messages are now printed by telegraph at the rate of 40 words a minute and look when completed like typewrit-ten sheets. The new applications of elec-tricity already made indicate what is in store for the world in the near future.— American Cultivator.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swelling when such a pleasant, effective, a d economical medicine as Ayer's Sarfaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

In Paris the other day a young and good looking woman stopped a cab on the boule-vard and ordered to be driven to the Rue St. Martin. Before entering the cab the woman asked the coachman to give her change for a 5 franc piece, which the latter did. As the cab began to move she made a sign to a man standing on the pavement, who began to run alongside one of the windows. An instant later the passersby on the boulevard were surprised to see the A friend in need is a friend indeed, coachman spring from his seat, wrench and not less than one million people open the door and demand his purse, which have found just such a friend in Dr. he declared his fare had stolen. It appeared that as soon as she had entered the cal had let down the front window and abtion, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have stracted the coachman's purse. The change never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has to see in what pocket he kept his money. wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottle free at Humphreys Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners.

To all Lot and Land Owners and Municipal and Private Corporations that will be Affected by the Ditch Improvement herein designated.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, March 10, 1894.

and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is assured, for he was "the first fruits of them by J. E. Dillon, in Putnam and Honor County, Onio, March 10, 1894.

In the Matter of Ditch Improvement No. 771, Petitioned for by J. E. Dillon, in Putnam and Honor County, Onio, March 10, 1894.

Notice to Land Owners and Others.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1892, J. E. Dillon t al. filed a petition with the Auditors of Putnam and Henry counties, the substance and prayer of which said petition is, that there exists a necessity for the deepening, widening, straightening and lering of a dirch, and praye for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini, o-wit;
Commencing at the west quarter post of section N. 5, town 2 north, range 8 east, Putnam county, bits, in the channel of an old ditch known as "Hammer Greek," thence north along the west line of section No. 6 to the northwest corner of the same, at the line between Putnam and Henry counties, hence northeast riv following the channel of said Hammer Creek or county ditch No. 86, "til it intersects Beaver Creek, and there terminate, with a view to deepen, widen, straighton and alter said im-

revement.

That said petition is now pending, and that such proceedings have been duly and legally had, that he Joint Board of Commissioners have found that said improvement is necessary for and will be condusive to the public health, convenience and welfare, and that the line hereof is on the best route, and the duly appointed engineer, C. N. Schwab, has filed in this office his eport as required by law, and that as such Auditors of said counties, the undersigned have fixed the

6th day of April, A. D., 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m.,

the Auditor's office, Napoleon, O., for the hearing of said matter and proceeding. The following provisionment thereof has been made to you by the Eugineer in his report, viz:

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